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Religious Miscellany.

He will not Forsake.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITE.

How sweet, when the turmoil of life shall distress me,
When heart-weary, soul-weary, friendless, alone—
When sorrow's dark waves compass round and oppress me,
As weak with despair and affliction I've grown.
And when the keen blasts of adversity chill me,
When 'mid the wild tempest I tremble and quake,
O then with what rapture the whisper shall thrill me,
"Fear not, for thy Saviour will *never* forsake."

Though friends may prove false, and though foes may surround me,
The tongue that *now* praises soon *censure* and *blame*,
Though life's fiery trials may gather around me,
Still, still I'll not shrink while that promise I claim.
My spirit may droop, and my sad heart may quiver,
When strongest temptations my pathway o'ertake,
Still I *know* that bright angels are guarding me ever;
I *know* there is *One* who will never forsake

And when in death's twilight my life star is fading,
When down to the chill river's brink I shall come,
When the dark angel's pinions my dim eyes are shading,
Ere I pass o'er that tide to my glorious home,
Then, while the last ray of my spirit is beaming,
And lingers awhile its last earth look to take,
While I see in the distance the golden harps gleaming,
O whisper *once* more, "I will never forsake.'

God will Show You How.

Travelling through a portion of Texas some years since, we stopped for the night at a 'rancho,' or cattle-farm. The owner proved himself such a skilful questioner, that we asked him at once if he was from the East. 'My mother was from Maine,' he answered; 'I was but a baby when she followed my father into these parts.'

After tea, as we sat on the broad verandah looking out into the night, Mr. Harvey interested us with some incidents in his own life.

A few of our party had wandered out into the moonlight, and one of them stood leaning against a tall gray stone that had caught my eye; and in my turn I took the liberty to ask Mr. Harvey what it was.

'That was put up for Stevie, poor boy; it hasn't seemed the same place since he died;' and he passed his great brown hand across his *eyes*.

'Tell us about him,' I said, feeling a sudden interest in what he said.

'Well, miss, if you'll *like to hear, Stevie* was the son of a Methodist *minister* that used to preach in *these parts. It was* a pretty ticklish place for *ministers in those days.* We were just *about as bad as we could be*; drinking, dancing, pitching, swearing and cards made up our amusements, and Sunday was the worst of all, for we were hardly ever sober. Mr. Early, Stevie's father, commonly preached some five miles from here, and my wife always wanted to go; and just to gratify her I helped her off, right glad to have her out of sight, for then we were sure to have a good time, for somehow I could never bear to play cards on Sunday unless she was off at Church.

'Well, in this way the minister and his wife got to coming here; and Stevie was such a pretty little fellow—black eyes and short crisp curls, while his cheeks were red as roses. There wasn't a man on the place but loved Stevie.

'One day in the spring Mr. Early went out to preach. Leaning over in his saddle, and kissing Stevie as I held him up in my arms, 'Stevie, be a good boy; pa'll see him to-morrow.'

'I had often cautioned Mr. Early about riding all over the country; but he said he wasn't a bit afraid; he wouldn't hurt anybody, and he didn't believe anybody would hurt him. It didn't prove so this time, though. I never knew quite how it happened; but the next day he was found shot right through the heart. 'Twas awful. I couldn't bear to look at him, his face looked so smiling and peaceful. They brought him right here, and it was dreadful to see how his wife and Stevie took it. She was all cut up, poor thing. She didn't cry and take on as some folks do; but she sat so still and white, holding Stevie close to her all the time. We all walked to the grave, and I tell you it made us all cry to see the young things. It didn't seem as they'd ever git done looking at the grave.

'There was another person, came over from the next town to talk to us; but bad as we all felt, it somehow passed away, and we were just as wicked as ever in a few days.

'Well, miss, his wife, the poor thing, took the death sadly to heart, she was so far away from home We couldn't bear to see her white face; and her step was so slow and weary, till one morning my wife found her dead in her bed, and little Stevie sitting beside her trying to keep still till mamma should wake.

'Poor little fellow! We couldn't let him go from us, for we all loved him. The boy was pert, but he didn't grow much, he missed his mother; and though all in the house tried to comfort him, still he pined and grew thinner every day. The man used to coax him with candies and apples, but it was no use. He would talk, and ask such strange questions. Being with me more than with anybody else, he talked more with me perhaps, and I couldn't keep in the tears. I took me back to my old mother. She was pious, and used to pray and talk just like a minister.

'Stevie liked flowers, and when they were in bloom he seemed happier. One day as he was walking with me round the yard, he stopped and put his little hand on a rose. Says he, 'Harvey, who made the flowers?' 'Flowers grew,' I said. 'Yes, but who makes 'em grow?' Nature, I 'spose; what makes you ask, Stevie?' 'I know; God made 'em, but I never near you talk about him; don't you know him, Harvey?'

'This was a stunner; but somehow it didn't make me angry, as it used to when his father spoke to me.

'God made everything,' says he; 'God is here just now.'

'I tried to lead him away and make him talk about something else; but no, he wouldn't be satisfied till I told him I didn't see any God in the garden. I only saw flowers and trees and birds.

'*God will show you how.* If you only try to see him, he'll come to you.'

'I don't know how it was, but I couldn't swear and drink and play cards after that. I seemed to hear it all the time, '*God will show you how.*' Not that I left off everything. No, miss, I didn't know the way then. I didn't feel like little Stevie. I didn't feel sure that God would show me; but he did.

'One day, a few weeks after that, Stevie laid his head down on my lap, and said, he was dry and his head ached. I carried him in and put him on my wife's bed, and he never, miss, got up from it again. Every day he grew worse and worse, and I tell you it was the hardest thing that I ever did to see him so still and white, just like his mother.

'One night, as I took him in my arms and tried to rock him as his mother used to, he asked me if I would not send for the minister that talked so kindly to us. I didn't want to do it; but if Stevie wanted him, he should come. Not long, and the man was there. And so beautifully he talked to Stevie, I somehow felt different towards him, and so did all the men.

'He talked and prayed, and told us of the blessed Jesus: that he loved us, and that, bad as we were, he was waiting to receive us, holding out his arms, and saying all the while, 'Come unto me.' I don't know it was, but it seemed so plain, just what my old mother had said, while Stevie looked round and smiled so sweetly.'

Once more the brown hand was passed over the eye-lids, while the bearded lip quivered, and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of tenderness. 'Did he die then?' I was compelled to ask.

'Yes, miss, he died that night; and when the minister bent over him and asked him if he was afraid to go, 'Oh no, sir, he said, 'God will show me the way.' All the time he held my hand: 'Harvey, won't you love God too?' and he looked so sad, I couldn't bear to see it, and I said, 'Yes, Stevie, I will love God.' Such a smile came over his white face it fairly shone, miss. I can't tell you. His eyes closed, and he never spoke again.'

The tears were in our eyes. 'And the men?' I asked.

'You shall see some of 'em miss.'

At the same time we heard the tinkle of a bell. Mr. Harvey led the way into an inner room, large, airy, but without ornament. Here, on rude seats, were about a dozen collected for evening worship. Learning that one of our party was a clergyman, Mr. Harvey begged him so earnestly to take his seat at the table, that much as we all wished to be listeners, refusal was impossible.

Never have I seen more earnest, attentive hearers. When the speaker held up the cross, and spoke of the great love and exceeding tenderness of Christ, tears rained down their bronzed faces, and suppressed sobs echoed through the room.

Not long after that a church was organized there, with a regular pastor placed over it. Mr. Harvey was one of its officers. God had shown him the way.

'And a little child shall lead them.'—*American Messenger.*

A Queer Old Lady.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

How different people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping. A few days since, I met an old lady, who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet, I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

'Why, sir,' said she, 'you seem to stare at me as though you have seen me a thousand times before.'

'That may be madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I were ask you a few questions?'

'Not at all. Ask away.'

'Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies shoes?'

'Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure.'

'Not in this cold, wet season? Why I can hardly keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have over-shoes. How can they wear such thin cold catching shoes?'

'O sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me.'

'And those little half dresses, hanging on your arm?'

'They are to be put on little children in cold weather, or to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and hardly covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses.'

'What have you in this little tin box?'

'Lozenges, sir; troaches, hoarhound candy—these things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright, red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It is in great demand, sir, and a certain cure.'

'What have you in that bundle, madam?'

'This? Why a few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in Sabbath schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious, or thinking too much about religion. You must understand sir, that I continually have to attend church to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings bright, and dresses complete; yet religion itself, I hate as poison. And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heart-ache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder.'

'Pray, madam, what are those screws for?'

'Why to pinch the feet, and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them.'

'And that great heap of books in your arms?'

'These! They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest, most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds reads them.'

'Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that great bag thrown over your shoulder?'

'A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then there are 'late hours,' 'and late rising,' and all manner of hair dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the thing to stir up envy and create extravagance. Here are gold watches, cigars, meerchaum pipes, gold headed canes, eye glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax, and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have stopped to talk with you a few moments; don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me, and when I move you will see how they all run, and rush, and crowd after me. O, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?'

'Truly, madam, truly. And now *may* I ask your name?'

'Name! FASHION, sir; my name is Mrs. PREVAILING FASHION! I thought everybody knew me!'—*Chicago Sunday School Teacher.*

The Bible at Family Prayers in the Social Circle.

"Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook by the traveller's way!"

The Bible—why not read it, brother, before you pray in your family, night and morning?—Let God speak first, and you will pray the better for it, a great deal—more energetically, life-giving, soul-saving. The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword; it gives life, animation, kindles a spirit of true devotion. The Psalms and other portions of the sacred volume are full of petitions, intercessions, and giving of thanks. Besides the devotional, soul-kindling influence, the reading of God's word in your family has upon your own mind and heart, consider the happy effect produced also on the members of your family present. This bowing the knee and offering up a few hasty, formal petitions without opening this Book of books, turning our heart in praise, is not the profitable way of conducting family worship, or any social meeting for prayer and praise.

A prayer-meeting without the Bible is not a prayer-meeting as God would have it. Family prayer is not family prayer—as God would have it—without the Bible. This excluding the Bible from our regular seasons of social or family worship is unwise—the policy of the Evil One. You suffer immense loss by so doing. The Bible is the watchword, the motto, the text-book, the guide, the safe-guard, the soul, the life, the power, the foundation for prayer, the prayer of faith.

Friends, read the Bible, read it in your meetings for prayer and praise; read it in your families while gathered around the family altar.—Read it attentively, reverentially, prayerfully, with self-examination. Read it, meditate upon it, digest it, bring it home to every heart. The influence of this sacred volume on the minds and hearts of the hearers is salutary—on the hearts of your little ones, convicting and converting. 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.'

The Bible opens the way, prepares the way for acceptable, heartfelt devotion; enlightens, invigorates, stimulates, kindles the soul joyfully, brightens hope, confirms faith. Reading the Bible adds interest to your social gatherings, holy unction. It fills the mouth with arguments divine, supplies appropriate spiritual language for supplication. Let God speak, utter His voice in your families and prayer-meetings. Take the Bible, beloved—be sure to take it, the Book of books. Make the Scriptures your sun, your shield, a lamp to your feet, a light to your path. The Bible is the bright and morning star, the hope of glory.

In social worship, in family prayer, around the sick bed, be sure and let God speak previously to bowing the knee at the mercy-seat. The influence of God's word in families is most salutary ond happifying on the juveniles and all present.

"The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love—
It shows 'tis the way to the mansions above!"

—*Author of Home Thrusts.*

The Melted Mountain.

An old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his side:

'O, I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavored to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved.'

'This was certainly a strange sight,' remarked the missionary. 'What construction did you put upon it?'

The dying chieftain seemed astonished at the missionary's question, and replied:

'That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away.'

How striking is this illustration of the power of Christ's blood! One drop dissolves the mountain of a sinner's guilt! O, blessed, efficacious blood! may it fall on my sins, and on my reader's sins, and melt them all away!

Reader, does your guilt rise like a mountain? Go to Christ; trust in him; his blood will dissolve it all, and enable you to sing,

"O, Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God"

—*Good News.*

Deacon M.'S Prayer.

A young lady was taking a pleasant walk one summer day in a deeply shaded woodland, and being weary, sat down to rest on a secluded mossy bank near the summit of a hill. Presently she heard a voice, as of one engaged in earnest conversation, and on advancing a step or two, she saw good Deacon M. coming leisurely up the hill, the reins hanging loosely over his horse's neck

'What can he be talking about so earnestly to himself?' she thought; but directly she heard the voice of prayer, and the words which God's providence caused to be especially impressed upon her mind were these:

'O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth of this place.' The good old man rode on, but the voice of prayer was heard after he had disappeared from her view in the leafy depths of the forest.

The young lady was struck with the thought, 'In this way Christians go about the town and mingle with the world? Do they pray thus for our souls? I have hardly ever prayed for my own.' From that day and hour she began to pray, and became herself the first fruits of a glorious revival. The good deacon's prayer was answered even while it was being offered.—*S. S. Times.*

Religious Intelligence.

American and Foreign Christian Union.

From proceedings of Anniversary we take the following resolutions:—

That the Society is engaged in a work intimately connected with the growing interests of the kingdom of Christ; and, as such, should hold a place in the affections and contributions of the people of God second to no other.

That while vigorous efforts have been made to propagate the gospel in heathen lands, many seem to forget or overlook the fact that there are millions on our own Continent, in our own land, at our very doors, who are bound down under the chains of a false system of Christianity, having no correct views of the great plan of salvation, and needing equally the labors of the faithful Missionary, the Colporteur, and the Bible-reader.

That the success attending the labors of our devoted Missionaries in Europe, Mexico and South America, and the efficient work of more than fifty native helpers in Italy, Greece, and other parts of the field, call for devout thanksgiving and gratitude to God.

That the open door for the labors of the Missionary, the Colporteur, and the Sabbath-school Agent, in almost the entire portion of the nominally Christian world, is a loud and imperative demand upon this Society to redouble its efforts, and cultivate to the fullest extent the fields entrusted to its care.

That the blessing of God upon the Sunday-school work of this Society, during the past year, especially in Germany, Belgium, and Italy, has greatly cheered our hearts and encourages us to renewed zeal and more vigorous efforts in the prosecution of this department of our labors.

The Rev. Dr. Sunderland gave an interesting sketch of the chapel in Paris, and the Americans in the habit of attending it. He said it was a privilege to bear testimony to the kindness, courtesy, and generosity of the gentlemen who composed the Committee. He found in Paris some of the most worthy and earnest christian people he had ever met. The chapel is neat and commodious. By the side of it stands an open lot, just suitable for a parsonage, which is very much needed, and a reading-room and a library where Americans could meet and enjoy a home feeling. Will not some generous men put up such a building? Then, too, there is a debt of $12,000 on the chapel, which ought not to remain. Will christians in this land allow it to be an incumbus any longer? The Doctor then gave an account of the happy fellowship they had enjoyed with christians of the French Evangelical Church. They had shared their chapel with a French congration, whose church had been torn down by the opening of a new street. He then, in a most eloquent strain, recounted the causes which kept the people of so large a portion of Europe in spiritual ignorance and bondage.

The Rev. Dr. Schaff gave an eloquent history of Christianity in Germany. Twelve hundred years ago the religion of Jesus was carried in small boats by Germans to the coast of England; now England, or rather America, was returning the compliment, and gives back something to Germany. And what is this? Germany had the same truth. She acknowledges the Bible. She has a Protestant faith, evangelical ministers and churches. She has, however, until lately, lacked one thing. While she has preached to her adults and instructed her youth, she has not had the perfect system of Sabbath-schools which we enjoy, and it was left to the persistent efforts of an American layman to introduce the system. The difficulties in the way were many, the obstacles seemingly insurmountable, but these were all overcome. The effects of the Sunday-schools in Germany were already visible. In Berlin alone there are now eight schools—some can be found in all the principal cities. The Doctor spoke of the influence Germany was exerting on our country, and how necessary it was that the children should be trained to become loyal and good citizens of our republic. New York city alone, he said, had as a part of its population one hundred and fifty thousand Germans, and the neighboring cities one hundred thousand more. It is thought that more than two hundred thousand Germans will come to this country this year.

Though now late, the audience remained to hear the Rev. Dr. Storrs. The recent developments, he said, of Romanism in this country and England, forced the question, How shall Protestantism meet this aggressive movement? It was a subject vital to the church and required careful attention and study. There appeared in some quarters an excessive apprehension that Romanism would spread over the Republic. There is no danger, unless our countrymen lodge political power, which it was seeking, in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. It was true that Rome had obtained a mastery over many minds of late. She had done it by her very boldness. The contrast between the language of Protestants and Roman Catholics was often very striking. While Dr. Pusey, who was really a man of higher intellect and culture, speaks cautiously. Dr. Manning's answer was like the stide of a giant, of a man accustomed to success, of a leader of a great army. Romanism is striking at the principal powers of the world. Here are two great countries which public opinion governs, and Romanism strives to sway public opinion both in England and America. And how does she do it? She uses Protestant weapons. She preaches from her pulpits with a power, fervor and energy which has never been surpassed. A large number of her sermons might be preached in any of our orthodox churches. Public lectures, Tract Societies, and protracted meetings, two days' meetings—yes, twenty days' meetings, were now the order of the day. Things unheard of before in her history. Romanism is truly on a new crusade. You do not, as in other countries, see the priest with a cock under his arm hasten Mass in order that he may reach the spot where he can bet on his favorite rooster. Romanism is out-methodizing Methodists—out-Presbyterianizing Presbyterians. Romanism, they say, is the religion of the Son of God; and it would not be very strange if she should become before many years the fashionable religion of New York, for she seeks to attract those who are pleased with the magnificent ritual and splendid music. Up to this time she has had influence mainly with the poor and ignorant. Many of the neglected have found a priest by their side ready to give them just enough to lead them into their church. Will Romanism then, by using the weapons of Protestantism, be successful? He thought not—for the question was, Can she stand it? If she goes on as she has done, she may get all of Protestantism into her church, and how is she to get rid of these reforms? Then, again, Romanism makes but little headway among the middle classes, and we Americans are middle class people. Culture and education may and will raise us in the intellectual world to a high position, still as a nation we are of the middle classes. The Doctor spoke also of the causes which kept Ireland bound to the papacy. Were she as free as Scotland, she would soon be as independent as Scotland. Look at the Irishmen of this country. When the Archbishop tells them not to go to the Park on the Sabbath, one hundred thousand go there on that day. In conclusion, the efforts that we should put forth were forcibly described. Romanism will melt when you bring it before the bright light and power of Protestantism—melt like the peaks of the lofty iceberg when the rays of the sun strike upon them—melt as its huge base when it meets the waters of the Gulf stream. The devil would as soon pass the pearly gates and walk the streets of jasper, as Romanism would seek to surround itself by the usages and appliances of a purely evangelical Christianity.

Italy.

From Report we extract the following:—Since the days of primitive Christianity, evangelical religion has perhaps never spread more rapidly than it has done during the past few years in Italy. The religious movement had its origin in the general political upheaving in Europe in 1848. The object was to emancipate Europe from the feudal and monarchical despotisms which for a long time had crushed out all the life and liberty of the different nations. A powerful secret society was formed, which embraced Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, Spain, the States of the Church, and extended even into Russia. The leaders saw that the greatest obstacle to the successful accomplishment of their grand design was the tyranny of the Papacy. They then began a resolute and deadly struggle with Roman Catholicism, and almost succeeded in overthrowing it. Then came the flight of the Pope, the establishment of the Roman Republic by Mazzini and Garibaldi and the war with Austria. In order more successfully to combat the power of Pope and priests, many, in Tuscany especially, from purely political motives, began the study of the Bible. God used this means to bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. About this time also the Bible was carried by a sea captain into the Island of Elba, was read by himself and a few of his neighbors, and thus the foundation was laid for the prosperous work which has been done in that Island.

FREE ITALIAN CHURCH.

The first great religious awakening was mainly in connection with the Plymouth brethren. A few zealous and excellent members of this sect labored with great success among the first Italian converts, and imparted to them their fervent piety and zeal. The first churches were therefore modified somewhat by Plymouthist influence, and thus for the very natural reason that the converts, being inexperienced themselves were guided by their religious friends and counsellors. The Italian converts would not, in a body, join any existing sect of denomination, as they felt this would be a sacrifice of their intensely strong national feeling. They wanted an organization of their own; and hence arose the Free Italian Church. With its growth, the original peculiarities of the Plymouth brethren have been gradually disappearing. Our missionaries were hailed at once as friends, for they came not to establish a denomination, but to help the young soldiers of the Cross in their endeavour to conquer that beautiful land for the Captain of their salvation. They found in the Free Church most excellent religious elements. The Spirit of the Lord was there, and the churches themselves were by far the most popular, and regarded with the most favor every where by the Italians. It is true they found much that needed reform, but with it they found also a willingness to take counsel and advice. Order, system, organization, and co-operation were the ends the Italians themselves longed to accomplish. The meeting at Bologna last year was a great step towards the fulfillment of their desires. The scattered elements, so precious, that were existing in various churches in different parts of Italy, then came together and formed an alliance.

Our missionaries have most heartily joined hands with this noble movement, and many of the helpers employed by Mr. Clark are members the Free Church. If our benevolent friends could read the many, many letters which the Corresponding Secretary has received, begging American christians to come up to the help of this, the youngest member of Christ's household, we think they would respond far more liberally than they have hitherto done. The chief want now of the Free Italian Church is money. The reformation has not yet reached the wealthy classes. The converts are mostly from the poor, though many of them, such as Oddo and De Sanctus, and a host of others, are intellecually rich. Speaking to us one of their leading evangelists said, only a short time since: "If you love Italy, give us just now a strong assisting hand, and help us to raise ourselves, and form an Italian Church that shall be an honour and a blessing to Italy. Now is the time to help us. The cry is, Save us from all isms." When we remember that these poor Christians have been driven from their churches and their cathedrals, and have been forced to meet in barns and work-shops and in the open air to discuss the doctrines of the Bible,—so new, so wonderful to them,—is it not enough to wring from us the reply: We will, we must help you, dear brethren?—*Chris. World.*

Conference Services.

Open Session.

In connection with the recent Conference of the Methodist Church of Eastern British America, in St. John N. B., an open session was held on Friday evening 29th ult., in Centenary Church, for the special object of hearing addresses from the Canadian and United States visitors. The Rev. Richard Jones, Ex-President of the Canadian Conference gave an extended and deeply interesting account of the progress of Methodism in Canada. The Rev. Mr. Wilson of East Baltimore Conference and the Rev. Mr. Cushing of the New England Conference delighted the audience by their narrations respecting the work of God in the United States, the latter dwelling especially upon the educational work of the Church, and presenting with great force and beauty the responsibility of the Methodists of these Provinces to patronize and sustain liberally their College, and Academy, and not to allow their Ladies' Branch of the Academic Institution to languish for lack of patronage. We regret that we cannot give these excellent addresses to our readers. The last speaker on that evening was the Rev. Dr. Butler, who for upwards of an hour held the densely crowded audience in spell-bound attention, by an address which we have very seldom heard equalled for soul-stirring interest. We are happy to be furnished with the following sketch from the pen of our Conference reporter:—

Dr. Butler, late a missionary to India, said, Mr. President, I find that I am expected to speak especially of India to-night, I am thankful for the compliment in which you have connected my name with missions in that land, for it does seem that India has a larger claim on my affections, because to me was given the honor of planting Christianity in a part of that land. The circumstances were these; the Methodist Episcopal Church had been feeling that her numbers, and wealth had been given her in trust, for the work, and service of God; arrangements were made for extensive missionary operation, and in 1853 appropriations were made for establishing two missions, one in Bulgaria, and one in India, and so for want of some one else it devolved on me to go out and plant the mission in India. I was instructed to pay special regard to two things, first, not to enter on "another man's line of things made ready to our hand," but to go where Christ had not been named; and secondly, to select a field wide enough and sufficiently removed from other evangelical labourers, to afford an extensive field of usefulness where a large organization might be built up I was led therefore, to select that portion of India, north of the Ganges, commencing halfway from Calcutta to Delhi, and stretching far northward. At Allahabad I commenced my labours, and from that point entered on this wide extent of country.

I crossed the Ganges, and unfurled my banner in the name of God and of Methodism. Here I was eight hundred miles from the nearest Missionary station, surrounded by Mohammedanism, occupying what is called the valley of the Ganges, a portion of India, in extent about three hundred and fifty miles, by one hundred and fifty, and containing fourteen and a-half millions of inhabitants. That is our parish, that portion of the work of the conversion of India is given to our church, and we now occupy fifteen leading cities. One minister after another was sent to strengthen the mission, and I closed my labours there, after seeing a Conference organized, in connection with which we have a strong ministerial staff, an Educational Institution in two branches, for male and female students; and a printing establishment; with two thousand five hundred scholars in our Christian schools, and a large membership meeting in class, and enjoying the love feast and other advantages of the church That is the commencement of the work of Methodist missions there, and I believe that richer results will follow. Mr. President, I believe that I am in the true apostolical succession. Dr. Coke laid the foundation of missions to India. He died on his way thither, and Lynch took his place, in carrying on the projected mission. After Lynch's return to England, I, a beardless boy, was sent to assist him in his circuit. Subsequently I saw him, and for the last time in Exeter Hall on the missionary platform. Well in the spirit of these men, I went to India to preach our doctrines, with the idea that Christ died for every man, I went with the idea that every man in India, from the shadow of the Himalayas to Cape Cormorin, might be "made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints of light."

We reached the roads at Madras, and with a sufficient sense of the peril, went in over the mighty surf that continually rolls in upon its shores. We made our way to the Wesleyan Mission house, and found your good brother Hodgeon there. In the course of conversation I said, "I intend engaging in mission work; *if souls are savingly converted to God*, I believe our people will sustain the work; now what is your experience as to the results of your labour? do the people feel the pangs of repentance, do they exercise saving faith, and enjoy peace with God, and do they really profit, do they love their religion?" He called in a young Hindu, a theological student, and went out. I said "I understand that you are a Christian, may I ask, how did you become so?' Now if he had said that he had discovered the falsity of his former creed, I should not have felt satisfied; but to my delight he said, I was brought into contact with christian teaching, and I not only found that my religion was false, but that my nature was unholy, that I was a sinner before God, and I sought intercourse with the missionary, and after prayer, and the exercise of faith in Christ, I found peace with God." I asked him "why do you wish to preach the Gospel?" He said, "I believe the salvation I have received to be free for all my countrymen, and I long that they should obtain it." "Why," I said, "that is the way we talk in America." I found that God could convert the heathen Methodistically, and call them by His spirit to the ministry. Now, I thought, that will do, and away I went to Calcutta, feeling that if I should live to see the day when I could find such results from my mission, my labour would not be in vain. We reached Allahabad, a city where were 120,000 men and women, not one of whom knew Christianity even by name. I well remember our first Sabbath there—crowds went to the mosque and temple, and the marts of business were open, but I with my family bowed before God at the domestic altar, and looked forward to the day when I should see sanctuaries erected, the Sabbath observed, and the reign of Christ established. Well, I got a house and was comfortably settled, had put up my library, and was looking forward to usefulness, when that tremendous deluge of fire and blood burst upon the land. I passed through scenes of great danger, and had afterwards the pleasure of reading my own biography, for a report of my death had reached Dr. Duff, and in the goodness of his heart he wanted to say some kind things about me. I had the opportunity of talking it over with him in his own house in Scotland over a cup of tea subsequently. But sir I didn't die, though I looked death in the face. And now sir, I lost everything in this mutiny, the Sepoys destroyed even my sermons, and like the young men, I have to begin again, and do my work all over. Well the relief came at last to us, but it was after a weary time. As I was at prayer on the high rock where we had taken refuge, I could see the three thousand rascals who seven thousand feet below us, in the vale, were looking for some way to reach us, or else sought to starve us out, a poor alternative for us of course. The day after the flight to this fastness, we were all enrolled under the noble-hearted Col. Ramsay for defence, there were eighty-seven of us in all. There were aged generals, white bearded colonels, opium eaters, indigo planters, and myself—a missionary—to protect one hundred and thirteen women and children, who had escaped the hands of the murderers. Well, a more awkward squad never turned out to drill, but we were a host nevertheless, for we had guns to use, and below us were the villainous Sepoys seeking blood. We had cut away half of the narrow road that wound up the rock, in several places, so that only one man could appear at a time, and then sir my gun was given me, to help in the defence, and readily I took it. O didn't I take it.

When I remembered the atrocities at Meerut, when children had been so cruelly butchered, and women had died in unutterable shame, I felt that though a Christian minister, it was my duty to fire while I had a shot, and then to turn the butt end of my rifle and hammer the murderers with that. I started a prayer-meeting there, and I was afterwards thanked for my prayers for England. "Why sir," I said, "we were all in the same boat there, and if instead of the meteor flag above us, the stars and stripes had been floating there, these rascally Sepoys would have shown it no more respect. God protected us there, for seven weary months. Do you ask how were we fed? I don't know, we were often hardly bestead and hungry, but Elijah's God fed us. Well, as one day I sat there thinking—*thinking* and questioning whether we might not be the last Christians left in India,—tidings came to us that the rebellion was every where triumphant, and that the last spark of Christian life was trampled out of that part of India. We thought if this was so, that as a last resort we would traverse the country, crossing the Himalayas and reaching the Burrampootra, and so bring the ladies to Burmah. It was indeed a wild project, but circumstances had made us daring.

But I thought can it be so; for thirty-five years the churches of England and America have been labouring here for their Lord, and not in vain, and is God about to allow all their labours to be destroyed. I could not believe it; I knew that this was a Mahometan rebellion from beginning to end; had the agricultural part of the people who were heathens, generally risen, England could not have reclaimed the land; but though it was called the Sepoy rebellion I knew that it was for the restoration of the cruelest creed that ever tormented man, or angered God. I thought of Charles Martell, and his noble Magyars, how they had breasted the tide of Mahometan invasion, and thus saved the Continent of Europe, and I felt that the hand that had covered Charles Martell in the day of battle was stretched out still, and would shelter British soldiers and defend British Christianity. Well we were sitting together one day at the end of the topical rain, when tidings came to us of the fall of Delhi. It was a joyful day for us when the roar of canon announced the good news; we were in great straits, our little children who were running about barefooted, used to comfort themselves by saying, "Never mind, we'll get clothes and shoes when Delhi falls."

After this we felt that we must make an effort to escape from our dreary confinement, and after seventeen days we reached Delhi, and passing up the silver street found all desolation, where a few months before there had been a vast population. I stood by the spot, where on that terrible eleventh of May, deeds too awful to detail were done, and the next morning I saw the imprisoned Emperor, the last of the race of Tamerlane so abject that there were "none to do him reverence," but he showed by his glance that the fire of his demon creed was still hot within